

# THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

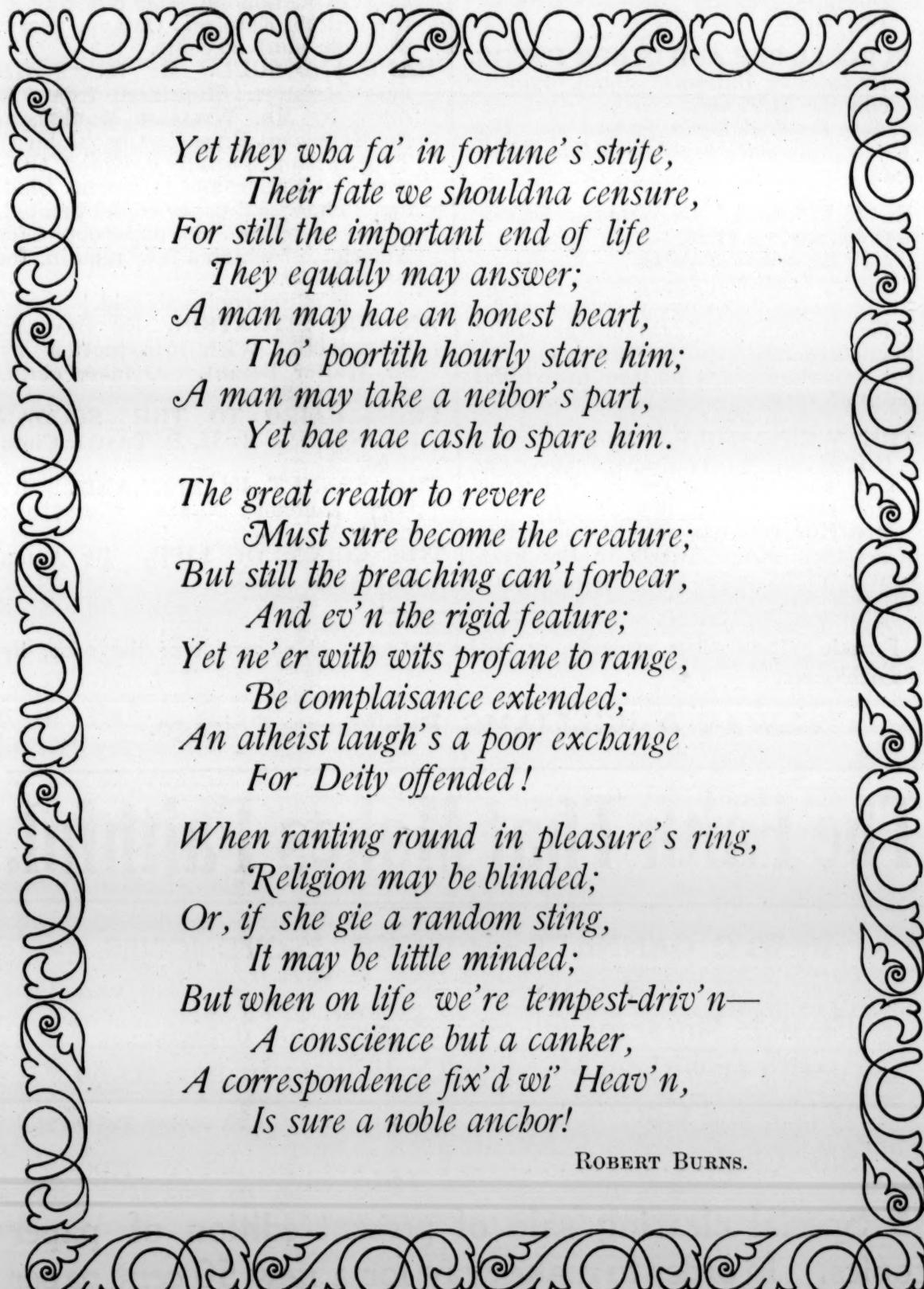
OLD SERIES. VOL. 34.

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*Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,  
Their fate we shouldna censure,  
For still the important end of life  
They equally may answer;  
A man may hae an honest heart,  
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;  
A man may take a neibor's part,  
Yet hae nae cash to spare him.*

*The great creator to revere  
Must sure become the creature;  
But still the preaching can't forbear,  
And ev'n the rigid feature;  
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,  
Be complaisance extended;  
An atheist laugh's a poor exchange  
For Deity offended!*

*When ranting round in pleasure's ring,  
Religion may be blinded;  
Or, if she gie a random sting,  
It may be little minded;  
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n—  
A conscience but a canker,  
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,  
Is sure a noble anchor!*

ROBERT BURNS.

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# THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME III.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1896.

NUMBER 20.



To unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

## Editorial.

*Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,  
That's a' the learning I desire;  
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire  
At pleugh or cart,  
My muse, though hemely in attire,  
May touch the heart.*

—ROBERT BURNS.

On the 21st of this month will occur the one hundredth anniversary of dear Robert Burns, the much-beloved peasant, a man with a message so large that it reached from hovel to palace, whose religion was so tender, normal and searching that it touched and helped sinner and saint alike. Robert Burns is more alive to-day than a hundred years ago, and the century to come is as certainly for him as the century past. We let him speak to our readers this morning from our title-page and he furnishes the motto that leads our editorial column, while one of our poets has sung of him in lines that run with a Burns-like rhythm. Dear Robert Burns, the most human and humane, perhaps, of all English poets.

The facts of regeneration must ever be laid over against the facts of degeneration. The sober prose of human experience bids us hope in our hopelessness, stand by our guns and fight to the end. Our case is not so hard that it cannot be matched with harder cases of those who have triumphed.

There is one thing worse than annihilation and that is hopeless, permanent stagnation, conscious fixity. We have no use for any heaven that does not offer new chances. We know of no God whose law of progress does not reach through time into eternity; whose circuit does not hold in one grasp the convict and convert, Judas and Jesus. We believe in life continuous; that in death we shall find some impediments cast off, some light upon a way that has hitherto been too

dark for the soul to find its way; some new turn of the moral wine press that, with some fresh agony of shame, some new abounding thirst for the unattained, will crush the cells of selfishness and let the wine of life flow free.

We cheerfully publish in our Congress Department this week an article from an old friend and subscriber, Louis Block of Davenport, entitled, "Mr. Cleveland and the People." Our correspondent comes valiantly to the defense of the so-called "war-policy" of the president. That Mr. Block not only speaks sincerely his own convictions, but that he is also the mouthpiece of very many citizens of the United States, we are thoroughly convinced. But we also hope that the facts do not warrant the sharp distinctions of Mr. Block. Europe is not now so solid in its monarchical method or spirit as in the days of Monroe, and the safety and dignity of many a European institution and government, like those of the United States, we trust rest not upon that nice balance of military forces known as the "Balance of Power," but upon unfortified justice and upon the unarmed honor, which is growing among rulers as among subjects. At least this is the emphasis we here like to place upon the questions in dispute.

A correspondent kindly writes, "I was sorry to see the Liberal Congress organized, because I feared that such would arouse suspicions of liberalism and check growth in that direction, yet all the time I liked the object sought. I see in such acts as the exchange of pulpits between Drs. Hale and Herrick, Mr. Cuckson and Dr. Munger, a greater advance toward breadth, liberalism, radicalism if you will, than in those other movements which I am here criticizing. The growth, the evolution of liberalism is inevitable, if we only permit it, and co-operation, personal friendships and the obliteration of party lines furnish the soil in which it grows most rapidly." To all this we say a hearty Amen! And still our correspondent is in danger of overlooking not only the general principles that progress comes of agitation and discussion, but that as a matter of history, the greatest coming together known in the story of religious history was that of the Parliament of Religions and of its first and noblest child, the American Congress. Long before either of the above exchanges were realized the supposed deadline of orthodoxy had been deliberately crossed by Directors Faville and Jones of the American Congress and in the interests of the Congress spirit. We must not only spare the goose that lays the golden egg but learn to respect the bird and give due credit to the same. Not in one, but in many ways is the cause of liberalism advanced; among these right ways is found the way of the Liberal Congress. Indeed, the only wrong way is the one that assumes that it is the *only* right way. There is still inspiration in the happy epigram of Dr. Bellows when he said, "We are sectarian in our opposi-

tion to sects." If, as our critics argue, there must be sectarian classes, let us by all means rally in response to the highest call and around the most inclusive banner. "Not that I love Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more."

### Peter Goes A-Fishing.

There is a large amount of humanity in the story with which the mystic John closes his gospel. It tells of how, in the moment of supreme depression, when all of life's ideals as well as life's plans had been rudely shattered, the impulsive Peter broke the awful silence by saying, "I go a-fishing," whereupon the more prudent and stately members of the band promptly replied, "We also will go with thee." Under the circumstances it was the very best thing they could do, for these disciples were at one of those passes which everyone encounters once in a while, a point where further effort seems impossible, where the finite will is bankrupt, where human resources are exhausted, that any struggle for the time being seems fruitless. Even conscience appears as a cruel burden.

In such an emergency there is plainly nothing so good to do as to follow Peter's example and "go a-fishing." For once, at least, the impulsive Peter was nearer right than his more sedate and somber companions. Under the circumstances, they had better "go a-fishing," that is, abandon the high fields of struggle, forego the prayerful endeavor, resign one's self to the inevitable, nestle in the maternal arms of nature, make confession to the high priest of day, wrap one's self about with God's healing mantle, the delicate fresh air, visit the shrine where shines the truest symbol of the Holy Ghost, pure water. Go worship in the temple of quiet, whose unwalled aisles are reared in the vale of solitude.

"Away from the valleys of care-worn men  
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen."

There, perchance, the reluctant mills of thought may begin again their grinding and the soul, unsummoned and unconsciously, will gird itself anew to its tasks.

When the poor slave of what we sometimes call "civilization" finds himself tired, cross, disturbed beyond all measure by trifles, the first thing he is apt to do is to send for a doctor, if, indeed, he be not so far gone that he does the more desperate thing of sending for a preacher, expecting a little ghostly consolation from his religion, which, under other circumstances, he places high on the shelf out of reach. Better than either is to take Peter's prescription and "go a-fishing;" indeed, the wise physician, whether he be of body or mind, will promptly endorse the Petrine remedy. Such an one needs the delicate restoratives compounded in God's great laboratory of the out-of-doors more than he needs quinine or Dover's powders. He needs a bath of sunlight, a diet of fresh air, though we hope he will go a fishing without rod and hunting without guns. His catch will be more sure and more helping. For myself, we take little delight in the torture of a fish, and there is a certain wantonness in that heart that finds sport in taking life. Trout are far more beautiful in the water than out of it. The time most vacation seekers have for the divine out-of-doors is too valuable to spend much of it in watching a floating cork at-

tached to a fish line. With good Isaac Walton, we would emphatically say, during the months of July and August at least,

"I, in these flowery meads would be,  
These crystal streams shall solace me.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And here see the sun both rise and set;  
Here bid good morning to next day;  
Here, meditate my time away."

But, with Sam Walter Foss, the humbler poet of modern times, we would be tutored of Emerson to go "gunning without a gun," and go "a-fishing without a pole."

Of course Peter's fishing party had poor luck at first. The record says that "on that night they caught nothing," but the next morning as the great gold globe appeared above the eastern hillslope and shot his arrows into the blue waters of Galilee, driving the mists before him like a flock of frightened sheep, making the waters resplendent with the indescribable glory that is the despair of artists, calling the birds from their leafy bed chambers to praise God in their unwritten ritual of song, loading the breezes with the healing fragrance of Lebanon's cedars, perfuming the air with the breath of palm trees and the attar or roses that is distilled by the Celestial chemist, the nerves of these fishermen became steadier, they were in a saner mood; courage came into their hearts and their vision was cleared and their eyes uncovered. Now their souls grew alert again and to them the noble form and the commanding voice was somehow present once more and their Lord stood upon the shore.

When the tides of life run low and the business man loses the power of smiling, he had better go a-fishing. It is in this way alone that he can successfully conduct the battle between bills receivable and bills payable. In this way alone can he provide for the rainy day of which some live in far too great a terror and to which others live in wicked indifference. Is it not better to take a few rainy weeks or months at the out-go of life than to spend fifty years in cloudy weather. But on the side of severest prudence, closest economy, the pinching, money-making ambition of life, one had better become a sun worshiper for a few days, seek the mid-summer benediction of the oaks that invite him with extended arms and take Hosea Bigelow's primary lesson in theology,

"You must get up airy, ef you want tu take in God."

This law is more than a physical one. How often are the chords of life overstrained in the struggle for culture; how, in the pursuit of duty, the mind grows despondent, listless, bankrupt; the keen eye becomes lusterless under drooping eyelids, indicating the tired soul, the sick heart. The piano that promises so much pleasure remains unopened. The leaves of the coveted book are uncut. The library accumulated with such care and eagerness is unhandled, the owner has lost sight of the Lord. "I go a-fishing," said Peter. It is well. Let all these respond, "We go with thee," and thus find intellectual renewal.

Still higher in the realms of the spiritual life it is well to go fishing occasionally. In their inordinate eagerness to save souls, their undue anxiety to possess themselves of the highest Lord, men not infrequently find themselves in the position of the impul-

sive Peter and the unfortunate disciples. Vision is denied them. Both sight and hearing gone, all is dark. An ever growing anxiety about the conditions of felicity in the world to come fills the heart with a strange panic. There is a nervousness lest the Almighty may neglect his duty towards the world, a worry lest the preacher may speak the truth so plainly that this dear pewholder may withdraw his subscription, or that dear family hovering on the border of the parish be frightened away. Let such go a-fishing spiritually and find that real salvation comes only to those who have moral poise; true sanctity comes only with the health of spirit as of body, to those who live in harmony with the creative forces of the universe.

#### Political Comic Opera.

It is possible in these days for any rational person to sit down to the study of events outside of party prejudice and even church filiation. To anyone who can take such a position there is something in this Venezuela Commission at Washington that partakes so much of the Don Quixote that he will be obliged to rub his eyes to be sure he is really in the nineteenth century. Could anything be more ludicrous than this great nation calling its supreme judges and university chancellors away from their presumably important business to sit for six months on the adjudication of a South American boundary line? Our courts are years behind in their cases, and Johns Hopkins University is making a sorry cry for financial help, while its president is absent on Venezuela concerns. But the trouble is, it opens a new career before us. Chili has squeezed her neighbors. Brazil and Paraguay have dishonest boundaries. In the other world Russia is crowding Corea, and there is no end of trouble in Africa. As a mere matter of principle ought we not to have at least forty more high commissions sitting on matters quite as important and quite as much our own concern as this Venezuela outline?

It is too late now for anyone to say, "It is necessary to defend and enforce the Monroe Doctrine." Every reader of American history has by this time learned that Mr. Monroe never thought of promulgating a doctrine that made the United States assume a protectorate of South America—or even of North America. He, by advice of Jefferson, responded favorably to a proposition of England to join forces in eternal opposition to the aggressions of despotic governments. That was done, and grand have been the results. But what a shriveling of a noble idea is it that we are to fight our own ally over a trivial boundary dispute in another continent.

Now we are told the commission is prodded to make it report before it will be possible for the little difficulty to be forgotten. It is not certain that England has not already come to a secret settlement with Venezuela. But how shall it report? Suppose it decides that England is right, but meanwhile England has yielded a few points; or suppose it decides Venezuela is right, but meanwhile Venezuela has yielded a few points. What will it all come to? Are we to be made the laughing stock of the world? It is said that we may look for a large amount of added historic data to be placed in the

hands of historians. It will indeed be a glorious achievement to have amassed all the facts about the Venezuela explorers, and possibly Dutch Guiana! But can the American people afford to pay half a million for such historic treasures?

That which we are interested in is the establishment of a Court of Arbitration, to whom can be referred matters of dispute between civilized nations—at least the English-speaking nations. But even such a court, international and permanent, could hardly be called upon to consider affairs so wholly foreign to the common welfare as the boundaries of petty states. Apart from the basis of a wholly erroneous interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, we have no possible interest in bounding the states of South America. It is a pity that a great nation should waste its mighty moral force for good on such trivialities. So far the president has made only a friendly response to the great arbitration conference held in Washington on the 22d of April, while Congress has not taken the slightest notice of it. The trouble was, there was no jingo in it. It proposed not a huge and costly navy, but costless peace. Says President Eliot recently: "No politician, particularly no member of Congress, dares to speak his mind on these subjects. Not a Congressman was courageous enough to attend the arbitration congress. It would not do for them, as politicians, to lay themselves open to suspicion." The attendance included the leading educators, judges, business men, but not a member of Congress. Carl Schurtz embodied the sentiments of his co-workers and the growing common-sense of the American people when he said, "Our strongest coast defense will always consist in Fort Justice, Fort Good Sense, Fort Self-Respect, Fort Goodwill, and if international differences really do arise, Fort Arbitration." But this Venezuela boundary line is not an international question. It is a waste of money, manhood and moral strength.

E. P. P.

#### The Blessed Unmaking.

As the soil's unmaking the seed,  
That the sunlight fashion the tree,  
So earth makes our human hearts bleed,  
That nobler, diviner we be.

The speckled egg in the nest,  
With beauty now blessing the eye,  
To destruction is tenderly pressed,  
That a bird from the ruin may fly.

Creation forever unmakes  
In heartache and moanings and tears,  
But forever new beauty awakes,  
Through destruction love's meaning appears.

Through destruction is moving the hand  
That makes every human soul fair;  
We'll become what God's deepest heart planned,  
Divinely that image we'll bear!

In His lovings holy and deep  
He thought us out tender and true;  
He is thinking us still; though we weep,  
Our skies will grow cloudless and blue.

Dear Master, unmake us from sin,  
Cut, carve, all our evil destroy,  
Each stroke nobler beauty doth win,  
Each pang just a holier joy.

O blessed unmaking! Each hour  
Fairer, diviner we grow!  
In the whole human sky is God's power,  
On each cloud is shining His bow.

Dear thought of a child, bye and bye  
To fulfill in my own aching breast!  
When the task is all done, God and I  
In its peace will eternally rest.

JOHN M. SCOTT.

## The Liberal Congress.

*Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.*

### Robert Burns—The Plowman Poet.

(BURNS DIED JULY 21, 1796.)

Tho' hundred of years have moved along,  
Still like a streamlet flows his song;  
The where it wanders summer bright,  
It murmurs music and delight;  
The where it lingers Autumn grey,  
Wild flowers and birds attend its way;  
'Tis bonnie Doon that winds along,  
While Afton waters soothe the song!

\* \* \* \* \*

We gently scan our brother man,  
In all his faults and failings;  
We know like fire his heart-blood ran,  
But what are our bewailings?  
He knew the sorrow of the sin,  
He knew his own undoing;  
He saw the mark brave men would win,  
Yet came to grief and ruin,  
But from his life, like tale of old,  
The lion yields us honey;  
The good has grown a hundredfold,  
The bad remains uncanny;  
In him, if wise, we all can see  
Our cause of blame or praising,  
But evermore his songs shall be  
His monument upraising!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Sphynx endures as silent stone,  
Tho' thousand years upon it look,  
But Oh, what melody is known  
In reading Robert Burns' book!—  
There treasure gleams for lovers true—  
More precious than the miner's gold;  
There wondrous pictures meet our view—  
Imparting pleasure manifold:  
He sets the flowers growing sweet,  
He makes the thrush and linnet sing;  
He makes old Aye our vision meet  
In happy summertide or spring.  
He wanders with his bonny Jean,  
Among the fields of waving corn,  
And fond affection there is seen,  
To everlasting beauty born:  
He makes the rafters ring with joy,  
He smiles derision at pretense;  
He dignifies all life's employ,  
And gives to man the reign of sense:  
He loves the man of mental worth,  
Not titles, vanities and shows;  
He loves the home, our heaven on earth,  
The stars, the daisy, thistle, rose;  
There's nothing good he does not prize—  
Beneath the shining of the sun;  
Dear Robert Burns, with poet eyes,  
Our friend while years to centuries run!

\* \* \* \* \*

Beside the plow he stands to see the flower  
Upturned and crushed—he met in evil hour;  
Ah! then by poet's sympathy 'tis shown,  
As if it bloomed in all the world alone,  
And story rich as ever minstrel told—  
Comes forth from its white leaves and heart of gold!

\* \* \* \* \*

He was a man all full of life,  
A stream that sought the sea,  
A soul with poesy's beauty rife,  
A heart that must be free:  
In him all Scotland has delight,  
And loves his lowly birth;  
As one we all in praise unite  
Around the great wide earth:  
And we o'erlook the things of blame  
Before his manhood brave;  
We speak with tenderness his name,  
And strew with flowers his grave!  
Oh, long as speech has music tones,  
Like mavis on the spray,  
As long as love for fault atones—  
We shall recall this day!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

### Mr. Cleveland and the People.

Editor of NEW UNITY:

I have read with considerable interest the various contributions made by E. P. P. to THE NEW UNITY bearing upon the "Venezuelan Question" and the "Monroe Doctrine," and I find that I cannot agree with many of the positions taken by him, and so, with your permission, I desire to say a few words on the other side.

When I read the article published in your issue of January 2, 1896, I could not but conclude that Mr. Powell had failed to grasp the real nature of the Venezuelan question, and that he failed to realize what a great "Amen!" was spoken by the vast masses of the American people to Mr. Cleveland's message on that subject; and from a reading of his article entitled "Common Sense," published in your issue of June 25, last, I gather that he has wholly misconceived the present attitude of the American people on this same question.

In his first article Mr. Powell asks:—"What does Mr. Cleveland propose?" I answer:—He proposes to prevent any foreign power from acquiring by force any territory on the American continent. That is all. He does not, as Mr. Powell would have us believe, propose to "intervene in every dispute between a European power and the South American governments." But only where a European power tries by virtue of its superior strength to rob an American state of its territory, does he propose to interfere. And in the language of President Monroe, contained in the Monroe Doctrine, he may find ample justification.

In his celebrated message Mr. Monroe speaks of the essential difference between the political system of the allied powers of Europe and that of America. This reminds us of the fact that while European "peace" is maintained by an international jealousy called "the balance of power" and enforced by vast standing armies, the actual peace of America is preserved by her attending to her own business and ignoring the differences existing between the nations of the Eastern Hemisphere. Continuing his message, Mr. Monroe says:—

"We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it and whose independence we have on great consideration and just principle acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

If we allow one foreign nation to seize a small slice of American territory wrongfully what is to prevent other nations from following her example and even bettering it by seizing large tracts of American soil? We would soon have the European nations quarreling over the division among themselves of South America, even as they are now quarreling about the territorial boundaries of their various African acquisitions. In time we should have repeated in America the European balance of power system, with its attendant of vast armies of idle men draining the industrial life of the people, and, hovering over all, an American "war cloud."

The very mention of Europe ought to convince every well-informed man that the days of war are far from being past and gone. Daily the newspapers tell us of the armaments of Europe, and at the present moment they tell of fighting in the Transvaal, in Cuba, and in Upper Egypt. Foreign aggression, if not foreign oppression, is as alive to-day as it ever was. Russia is getting ready to gobble up China; would do it to-day, if the other powers would let her.

Do we want this state of things inaugurated on the American continent? That is the heart of the Venezuelan

question. And Mr. Cleveland, with the whole American people back of him, has made answer with a vigorous "No!" Mr. Powell seems to be sadly unable to appreciate the force of precedent in international affairs. The entering edge of an iron wedge is often as fine as a thread, but the other end is thick enough to rive apart the strong fibers of the sturdy oak. The power of precedent in international questions is like that of example in human affairs, and it was Emerson who said of example that it had far more followers than reason.

The American people know that war is indeed a terrible thing and ought never to be used except as a last resort to carry out a righteous resolution. But they realize as well as that when they have in vain resorted to all peaceable means to prevent the robbing of the weak by the strong, that then war against the robber is righteous. And one war waged now, if it prevents the introduction of the European balance of power in America, may save many wars in the future and at the same time preserve the civilization of the American system to the world.

As yet we do not know absolutely that Great Britain is trying to rob Venezuela, but we do know that all the present indications, as well as her past record, point that way, and that it is high time that we were finding out just what she is about. And it is to find this out that we have appointed a commission of five truly great men, men upon whose verdict this nation may safely rely. If that verdict is "Guilty," then let Britain beware how she molests Venezuela. For, although we are a peace loving people, yet we believe with Lowell that

"Peace, too, brings tears, and 'mid the battle din  
The wiser ear some text of God divines,  
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin."

"God, give us peace! Not such as lulls to sleep,  
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!  
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,  
Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit,  
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap."

What if, as Mr. Powell says, "the harbor of New York has not even two guns in place?" Are we not a people of boundless resources? Only a few weeks ago Mr. Edison promised, in a public interview, that he could on short notice so line New York harbor with electric torpedoes as to blow every ironclad into smithereens before it could get within bombarding distance of the city, and Mr. Edison is no man of mere words.

As for Mr. Powell's criticism of Mr. Cleveland's Hawaiian policy, I am content to leave him in the hands of Mr. Lewis G. Janes, whose article in your issue of November 14, 1895, in my opinion effectually answers Mr. Powell on that score.

In his recent article entitled "Common Sense," Mr. Powell speaks of the "tendency of Congress to right itself and the people on the war question," a tendency which, although it seems to him plainly visible, I cannot see at all. The people, as I see it, have yet to confess their error on this question. If we have recently assumed a milder tone toward Great Britain it is not because we have discovered any mistake in our attitude on the war question, for I firmly believe *that* remains unchanged, but it is because Mr. Salisbury and his friends have now more or less openly conceded a willingness to arbitrate the Venezuelan dispute, a thing which they positively refused to do prior to the President's message.

If the people have weakened in their attitude on the war question, how will you account for the utterances of that representative American, Mr. Henry Watterson, at the dinner recently given in London to Consul General Collins; and how account for the Monroe Doctrine Plank in the platform recently adopted at the Republican convention at St. Louis?

Mr. Powell's opinion of the present feeling of the people on this question constrains me to believe that he can hardly be familiar with the events that have transpired in the past few months. If he will take the files of any large newspaper in the United States and go over them from the time of Mr. Cleveland's Message to the present date, he will find

that the opinion of the American people and the position of the American government on the war question has been neither changed nor weakened. The President's Message was seconded by the people of the United States as a unit. Since that time we have not yielded an inch of our position. If there has been any yielding or retrogression at all, it has been on the part of Great Britain. That country has of late displayed symptoms of a willingness to arbitrate, and it is realizing this that has caused us to soften our tone toward her. But it must not be inferred from this that we have relinquished any of our original convictions on the war question.

Like Mr. Powell I have great faith in the common sense of the people, but unlike him, I am wholly convinced that that common sense, so far at least as the war question is concerned, is wholly in sympathy with Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney. I believe that the vast majority of our citizens are to-day desirous of having Mr. Cleveland's construction of the Monroe Doctrine indelibly engraved upon the tablets of international law, and that they were never more ready to assist him to enforce that construction by every means within their power.

Davenport, Iowa.

LOUIS BLOCK.

### An Appeal.

Even in this enlightened age, when man views everything with much more tolerance and charity than ever before, the art of music has yet to fight many hard battles ere it can gain that respect and admiration that is given to every other art or science.

It is surprising to find how many well educated and, in other respects, broad-minded people, regard those who pursue the study of music either professionally or as amateurs.

By those who study music I do not mean the great number of people who are "taking lessons," with little idea beyond that of learning a few "pieces" or songs, but the earnest students who have a deep love for their glorious art, who are willing to deprive themselves of the luxuries, yes, almost the necessities of life, for its pursuance; those who are not satisfied simply to master some instrument or bring their voices to as much perfection as possible, but who dig deep into the theory, the science, one can almost call it the grammar of music.

I grant that there are many people who study music in a very superficial manner, and to them must be given the blame of the thinly veiled contempt which so often meets the true artist, and which is so galling to his pride.

But are there not students in every college class who study, recite (sometimes), do all their work superficially, and yet no one holds the mass of students in contempt, because of these poor ones.

Are there not artists, electricians, architects, representatives of every branch of life's occupations, who are not living up to the highest ideal of their work, and yet very few people say anything against any of these things. Why is it that people are so much more intolerant toward music than toward the other arts and sciences? One often hears this: "But a musician never knows anything outside of his music. There is nothing in music to broaden and develop the mind."

That is not true, for the time musicians have a keener perception of beauty in nature, in art, in literature, in character, and they have finer sensibilities than any other class.

In order to appreciate and study intelligently the best music, one must have culture, a discriminating taste in literature and a power of mind concentration that I defy the average artist or college student to surpass.

If a person takes a first-class course of theory, such as is now offered in our best conservatories, and finishes it honorably and successfully he has been obliged to concentrate his attention in much the same manner that the student of higher mathematics has had to on his studies.

And so, my dear unmusical friends, I beg that you will exercise the same charity toward the honest, earnest musician that you do toward his brothers in the other arts and sciences.

Even if you cannot sympathize with him, do not, I pray

you, act as if you thought that he belonged to a class of a somewhat lower order of intelligence than yourselves, for though he silently and respectfully submits to your assumed superiority, yet, deep in his heart he cannot help but feel that he is gaining as much beauty and real pleasure out of life as you are, and sometimes even more; for, as I said, he is quick to see and appreciate beauty of every kind, while you who do not love or understand music, lose one of, if not the most precious gift, which the good Father has seen fit to bestow upon his children.

Polo, Ill.

JEAN H. JOINER.

## The Deil's Reply to Robert Burns.

By "BLINK BONNIE."

Robert Burns, while in one of his whimsical moods, wrote the well-known and much admired poem, "An Address to the Deil." The first verse, you remember, reads:

"O thou, whatever title suit thee,  
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,  
Wha' in yon cavern grim an' sootie,  
Clos'd under hatches  
Spairges about the brunstane cootie  
To scaud poor wretches."

Not many weeks after this was published a number of ambitious bards took up the "cudgel" in defense of the Deil, declaring in every kind of verse, from Iambus to Amphibachs, and from Monometer to Hexameter, that the Deil was not so black as he was painted.

The other day, while looking through some old and much loved literary curiosities, I came across one of those effusions, cut from an old newspaper. I remember when the poem first came into my hands, a gentleman of literary tastes, after hearing it read, remarked, "That poem deserves a place side by side with the Ayrshire bard's inimitable lay. Four of the verses are so indistinct as to be unreadable, but their omission makes no break in the poem. It is, I believe, the product of a poor shoemaker's brain. I hope THE NEW UNITY can make it available to many.

## THE DEIL'S REPLY TO ROBERT BURNS.

O waes me, Rab; hae ye gane gytie;  
What is't that gars ye tak' delight  
To jeer at me, and ban, and flyte,  
In Scottish rhyme,  
And fausely gie me a' the wyte  
O' ilka crime?

I dinna mean to note the whole  
O' your confounded rigmarole,  
I'd rather haud my tongue, and thole  
Your clishmaclavers,  
Than try to plod through sic a scrole  
O' senseless havers.

The truth is, Rab, that wicked men,  
When caught in crimes that are their ain,  
To find a help, are unco fain,  
To share the shame,  
And so they shout, wi' might and main,  
The Deil's to blame.

Thus, I am blamed for Adam's fa'.  
You say that I maist ruined a';  
I'll tell ye a'e thing, that's no twa,  
It's just a lee;  
I fasht na wi' the pair ava,  
But loot them be.

And, Rab, gin ye'll just read your Bible,  
Instead o' blin' Jock Milton's fable,  
I'll plank a croon on ony table  
Against a groat,  
To fin' my name you'll no be able  
In a' the plot.

Your mither, Eve, I kent her brawly;  
A dainty queen, she was, and wally,  
But destitute o' prudence wholly,  
The witless hizzie.  
Aye bent on fun, and whiles on folly,  
And mischief busy.

As for that famous serpent story,  
To lee I'd baith be shamed and sorry,  
It's just a clever allegory,  
And weel writ doon;  
The wark o' an Egyptian Tory—  
I kent the loon.

Your tale o' Job, the man o' Uz,  
Wi' reekit claes, and reested guiz,  
My hornie hooves, and brockit phiz,  
Wi' ither clatter,  
Is maistly, after a' the bizz,  
A moonshine matter.

Auld Job, I kent the carl right weel;  
An honest, decent, kintra chiel'  
Wi' head to plan, and heart to feel,  
And haun' to gie—  
He wadna wrang'd the verra Deil  
A broon bawbee.

The man was gay and weel to do.  
Had horse, and kye, and ousen, too,  
And sheep, and stots, and starks enow  
To fill a byre;  
O' meat and claes, a' maistly new,  
His heart's desire.

Forby he had within his dwellings  
Three winsome queens, and five braw callans,  
Ye wadna, in the hail braid Lallans,  
Hae fand their marrow,  
Were ye to search frae auld Tantallans  
To braes o' Yarrow.

It happened that three breekless bands,  
O' caterans came frae distant lands,  
And took what fell amang their hands,  
O' sheep and duddies.  
Just like your reivin' Hielan' clans,  
Or border bodies.

I tell thee, Rab, I had nae share  
In a' the tulzie, here or there,  
I lookit on, I do declare,  
A mere spectator,  
Nor said, nor acted, less or mair,  
Aboot the matter.

Job had a minstrel o' his ain,  
A genius rare, and somewhat vain  
Of rhyme and lear, but then again,  
Just like yersel',  
O' drink and lasses unco fain,  
The ne'er-do-weel.

He'd sing o' lads and lasses fair,  
O' love, and hope, and mirk despair,  
And wond'rous tales wad whiles prepare,  
And string thegither,  
For a' he wanted was a hair  
To mak' a tether.

So with intention fully bent,  
My doings to misrepresent,  
That book o' Job he did invent,  
And then his rhymes  
Got published, in Arabic prent,  
To suit the times.

You poets, Rab, are a' the same,  
O' ilka kintra, age and name,  
Nae matter what may be your aim,  
Or your intentions,  
Maist a' your characters o' fame,  
Are pure inventions.

Your dogs are baith debaters, rare,  
Wi' sense, galore, and some to spare,  
While e'en the verra Brigs o' Ayr,  
Ye gar them quarrel—  
Tak' Coila ben to deck your hair,  
Wi' Scottish laurel.

Yet, Robin, lad, for a' your spite,  
And taunts, and jeers, and wrangfu' wyte,  
I find, before you end your flyte,  
And wind yer pirn,  
Ye're nae say cankered in the bite  
As in the girt.

For when you think I'm doomed to dwell,  
The lang for-ever-mair in hell,  
Ye come and bid a kind farewell—  
And guid be here,  
E'en for the very Deil himself',  
Let fa' a tear.

And, Rab, I'm just as wae for thee,  
As ever thou canst be for me,  
For less ye let the drink abee,  
I'll tak' my aith,  
Ye'll a' gang wraig, and, maybe, dee  
A drunkard's death.

Sure as ye mourned the daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine, nae distant date,  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
And crushed beneath the furrow's weight  
May be thy doom.

## The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.*

### Helps to High Living.

SUN.—No sea more foreign rolls than breaks each morn  
Across our thresholds when the day is born;  
We sail, at sunrise, daily, "outward bound."

MON.—From world to world God's beacons shine.

TUES.—To doubt, to chafe, to haste, doth God accuse.  
Who longest waits of all most surely wins.

WED.—The common air has generous wings,  
Songs make their way.

THURS.—Smiles which thou canst not forget  
For thee are suns which never set.

FRI.—No past is dead for us, but only sleeping.  
Incomplete.

SAT.—Incomplete all heaven, love, if there thou dost not greet  
Me, with perpetual need which I can sate,  
I and no other! —Helen Hunt Jackson.

### Did You Know?

Did you know that up in heaven  
To the cherubs small were given  
All the ragged bits of blue  
Cut out when the stars shone through;  
That they, with the daintiest skill,  
Trimmed and pressed and stitched these till  
One dark night, when all was done,  
Down they tossed them, one by one,  
On the hills and fields below  
For the children; did you know  
What they were, these violets blue,  
Ere they blossomed, dear, for you?  
—Mabelle P. Clapp, in *Boston Transcript*.

### The Story of Two Fox Squirrels.

These little squirrels came from the forests on the Ozark mountains in Missouri. They came to us one hot day during the first part of September. It was very hard to find a name for our pets, but one day my little sister said: "Dear little squirrels, don't they look smiley"—and Mr. and Mrs. Smiley they have been ever since.

In the summer time and early fall the little Smileys live on a balcony facing south. Here they scamper about, eat corn or muskmelon, and sleep away the day time. In November, when it grows too cold for them to live out of doors, their cage is brought down from the balcony and placed in the dining-room.

One morning at the breakfast table, sister Irene said: "Mamma, I'm going to see if the Smileys won't eat oatmeal with sugar and cream."

Going to the china closet she filled a small saucer and placed it on their house. Mrs. Smiley sniffed a moment, then planting one paw in the saucer began to drink the cream. Mr. Smiley, seeing his little wife drinking, thought best to find out for himself how it tasted. Putting his nose down close to the cream he took a taste. Another taste, and Mr. Smiley was drinking quite as eagerly as Mrs. Smiley. Now every morning about half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Smiley appears on the top of his house and looks for his oatmeal and cream. If milk is used instead of cream the Smileys whisk their tails very scornfully, polish their mouths on a piece of bark, and run back to their nest. The squirrels are very fond of bananas, oats, and ice cream.

After we had had them nearly four months, they became so gentle and tame that we allowed them to play on a small willow chair in the dining-room. Little by little they became more free and played and raced about everywhere. One day, not long ago, Irene had a little friend visit her. While she was taking off her wraps she placed a cracker, which she had been eating, on the squirrel's house, but when she looked for it, no cracker could be found.

"I'm sure I put it there," she said; and upon looking into the cage they saw Mrs. Smiley gaily covering the stolen cracker with leaves.

These little pets are sometimes very mischievous. A

short time ago my mother heard the sound of water dripping. Going into the parlor she found naughty Mrs. Smiley sitting among the palms and books on the table, eating the buds from a bunch of carnations while the water from the overturned vase made a little pool on the floor. I left a work-box lined with crepe paper on their cage, intending to leave it for a moment only, but when I returned nothing but the frame was left—the Smileys had removed all the paper and cotton, and were making for themselves a beautiful nest, giving many dainty little pats as they placed the paper around the nest. One day mamma said—"It is the strangest thing how my dusting cloths disappear. I can't keep one a day. I always put them on a clothes-horse in the cellarway, but the faster I get them the faster they disappear."

Not many days after this the Smileys, too, disappeared. After a long search they were found in a new nest made in an unused refrigerator pan. Placed neatly on the bottom of the pan lay the lost dust cloths.

Mrs. Smiley's favorite resting place after a hard romp with Mr. Smiley is on the top of the back of my father's dining-chair. This chair only differs from the others by having arms, but Mrs. Smiley will have no other, and looks at us so wistfully we always feel we must give up the chair to her and put it where she wants it—in front of the window. Here she will sit for hours looking out of the window. These little pets never waste anything. If they have more than they need for a meal, Mr. Smiley carries it to the bottom of the cage, and making a little hole in the leaves placed there, he puts the nuts in, and with many little pats of the paw and pushes with his nose, covers them over and then scampers off as gaily as can be. Once when the cage was cleaned sixty-four nuts were found. Mr. Smiley did not like it when these were taken out, and scolded and whisked his tail about.

—ELIZABETH KEDZIE DONALDSON in *The Child Garden*.

### The Emperor and the Blacksmith.

During the journey of the Emperor Joseph II. to Italy, the wheels of his coach broke down on the road, so that it was with difficulty he reached a small village at a short distance. On his arrival there, his Majesty got out at the door of the only blacksmith's shop in the town, and desired him to repair the wheel without delay. "That I would do willingly," replied the smith, "but it being holiday all my men are at church; the boy who blows the bellows is not at home."

"An excellent method then presents of warming oneself," replied the Emperor, who was unknown to the smith, and he set about blowing the bellows, while the blacksmith forged the iron. The wheel being repaired, six sols were demanded for the job; but the Emperor gave six ducats.

The blacksmith returned them to the traveler, saying: "Sir, you have made a mistake, and, instead of six sols, have given me six pieces of gold, which no one in the village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the Emperor, stepping into the carriage; "an emperor should pay for such a pleasure as that of blowing the bellows."—*Chatterbox*.

### The Great Bell of Peking.

The Emperor Yong-loh, founder of the Ming dynasty,—just previous to the present one, and contemporary with Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain,—in order to mark the removal of his capital from Nanking to Peking, and at the same time to honor Buddha, and win personal merit for himself in the future world, resolved to have cast at Peking a great memorial bell. To this end he invited to his northern capital the most skilled masters in this ancient art. In due time, after divination and consulting Buddhistic scholars as to the prayers to be embossed on the bell, and collecting vast quantities of different metals, constructing furnaces, models, and molds, the work was satisfactorily accomplished, and the event celebrated by great civic and re-

ligious rejoicings. It is in many respects the finest work of art in Asia,—the product of native skill,—and could not be duplicated by the highest ability of resources of western foundries. It stands fourteen feet high, thirty-four feet in circumference, is nearly one foot in thickness, and weighs over one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. But what makes the bell the *chef-d'œuvre* of Asia is the fact that, without a flaw or defect of any kind, it is completely covered in relief, both inside and out, with myriads of Chinese characters, each one not an inch in size, consisting of prayers from Buddhistic classics. It is one of the vagaries of Buddhism that the prayers of the faithful may be infinitely and acceptably repeated by mechanical helps, as, for instance, when written petitions are attached to revolving wheels, as the writer has often witnessed; so here, when the lips of this mighty and eloquent bell are moved by a fitting tongue, they breathe forth in deep, sweet, prolonged, and wonderfully vibratory voice, these prayers to Buddha, and call, as well, all devotees to worship.

—Selected.

### Papa's Prayer and Its Answer.

At his family altar, one morning, a man prayed that God would help a poor neighbor who lived just across the street. The neighbor was in a great deal of distress that money could relieve. In his prayer the well-to-do-brother told the Lord all about how badly off his poor brother was, and asked him to do everything for him that was needed. As he arose from his knees and wiped his moist eyes, feeling pretty well satisfied with himself, his little boy went up to him, and said: "Give me your pocketbook, papa, and I'll go over to Mr. Smith's and answer your prayer myself."—*Belfast Witness.*

### Paderewski's Admirer.

In a quiver of expectancy the throng of people sat,  
Listening for his footsteps, and a child of three  
Paid her homage with the others and her heart went pit-a-pat—  
"Tell dose yadies move alon' so I tan see!"

When the master touched the chords it put the little heart to rest,  
And she smiled with sweet content throughout the score;  
When the orchestra took up the theme she scowled, was sore distressed;  
"Will'n Padiwoofsky pay not any more?"

Then the master, quick devining that the baby was distressed (?)  
Played again; and, oh, the heavenly melody!  
Close she nestled to her mother and with head against her breast  
Murmured, "Padiwoofsky's dood to pay to me!"

LILLIAN W. ROUNTREE.

### If We Had the Time.

If I had the time to find a place  
And sit me down full face to face  
With my better self that stands no show  
In my daily life that rushes so;  
It might be then I would see my soul  
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal;  
I might be nerved by the thought sublime;  
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart  
Speak out and take in my life a part,  
To look about and to stretch a hand  
To a comrade quartered in No-luck Land;  
Ah, God! If I might but just sit still  
And hear the note of the whip-poor-will,  
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—  
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you  
How much for comfort my word could do;  
And I told you then of my sudden will  
To kiss your feet when I did you ill—  
If the tears aback of the bravado  
Could force their way and let you know—  
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,  
If we had the time!

Richard E. Burton.

## Books and Authors.

### A Communication.\*

To the Editor of THE NEW UNITY:—You will not be surprised, I dare say, to know that an occasional copy of your paper finds its way across the Atlantic and is read here, much of it with warm approval, by now and then a liberal. It is taken, by at least some of these, to be one of those beacon lights, lesser and greater, which shine near and far, out of the darkness which still so completely envelopes the world, and it is hailed and blessed accordingly. There is, however, now and then a line or a paragraph, now and then a breath or a tone, which makes them feel that it is, in some respects, wanting in conformity to those principles upon which it would appear to be founded and from faithfulness to which it surely derives, and must continue to derive, the better part of its power and influence.

In the number of March 5 there was thus a paragraph, saying: "Mr. Zangwill is the coiner of a new *jeu de mot* of the erotic, neurotic and tommyrotic order. He calls them 'Meredith, the obscure' and 'the amazing Hardy,' " Not long afterward there was a paragraph about some "pertinent" comments by a writer in *The Spectator*, upon the "Hill-top Novel" and Mr. Grant Allen, and his advocacy of "free love, suicide, adultery and all sorts of offenses against law, morality, religion and common sense." What you say in *propria persona* is not much in either case. Nor is its meaning altogether clear. The first mentioned paragraph is, indeed, in the last degree ambiguous. But you give, in both cases at least, the left-handed approval of quotation without adverse comment, to utterances which the liberal thinker, if he knows the character of those novelists, must condemn, and which he must have great difficulty in liking, though he knows them not, for, in truth, they offend about equally against the writers referred to and against those principles which are the necessary protection and encouragement of all free thought and free speech.

They offend, I say, against the writers referred to, but that is not what is here particularly complained of. Any complaint on that score, if complaint is necessary, may be safely trusted to the writers themselves. It may, however, be said in passing, that such utterances do them great injustice. It is obvious that their books, like the books of others who stand among the leaders in English fiction, are the genuine outcome of sincere and serious thinking, if not as moral, according to accepted notions, as those which formerly ran in the well-defined grooves of convention, far more deeply informed with moral purpose. This may be disputed, as most things may, but it will one day be discovered, at the bottom of apparent paradox, that, as the novel has grown more truly realistic, it has grown also more truly moral, more deeply and essentially ethical in its character, for, while there no doubt is such a thing as a morbid over-dwelling upon what all men agree to be evil, and which may probably be thus taken, at least provisionally, as evil, in fact, it is, in general, the surest way to discover whether a thing is good or bad—to see virtue in all its loveliness, vice in all its ugliness—to walk straight up to it and survey it on all sides, as a whole and in detail. The belated boy in yonder darkening wood, up and down whose back the shivers run, has but to advance with courage upon the vague shape which rises before him, to see, possibly, that it is not a bear, but a bush or a rock, or his kind father, who has come out to meet him.

But to return, what is now more specially complained of is that a journal nominally free, and in good part, free in fact, should, in any matter, take an attitude, though but for a moment, which, ever since free thought began, has been peculiarly that of those who, to say the least about them, care nothing for freedom—an attitude which, to be sure, the liberal mind may fall into in some unhappy moment or with reference to some unexamined question, but which has been ever, and toward all things, the distinctive posture of the Philistine. I mean the attitude of one who thinks some debatable questions may be debated, and some not, and who, in case of any difference of opinion, meets facts with a calling of names and sound reasons with wholesale denunciation.

It is thus to be regretted that you should permit yourself, whatever your opinion as to any of the questions which these novelists have seen fit to present to their readers, and

\*We are glad that our London correspondent takes so seriously to heart the two brevities in the Publishers' Department of this paper. It is gratifying to the editors to have this assurance that their paper is read clear through, and it almost reconciles us that the slip for which the editorial management was not consciously responsible, should have occurred in order to bring out the clear statement of the principle laid down by our correspondent, with which the editors of THE NEW UNITY find themselves in perfect accord. We believe with our correspondent that the authors referred to have a right to respectful hearing. They command our interest and sympathy, because, they are grappling with large problems in the spirit of the age and that their work is hopeful and profitable. We would not intentionally cast any slur upon their method or treat slightly their word.

EDITORS.

more or less to elucidate, by their studies of life, to give continuance, in any degree, to such a way of meeting and answering what they say. Reasoning is always in order and the more searching the better; but to say such things as I have quoted has not even the appearance of reasoning. To say of two writers that they are of the erotic, or the neurotic, or the tommyrotic order (as perhaps you say, and not Mr. Zangwill) may be, indeed, to speak truth; but not every truth is relevant to anything in particular. To say of one that he is "the obscure" and of another that he is "the amazing" may be to coin a *jeu de mot*; but if so there is fresh evidence that the *jeu de mot*, if this is one, with the right stamp of the true mind, is not of the highest order of wit. To say of another that he advocates free love, suicide and adultery, may be to speak truth; but taking these terms as readers in general will take them, according to their usual and accepted meaning, it sounds as if it might be doubted. To say that he favors "all sorts of offenses against law, morality, religion and common sense," may be to speak truth; but in form the statement has a sweeping generality which, to any but the reckless mind, is the ordinary ear-mark of something very different. But, whatever else it may be, it is not legitimate argument, for a man may belong to any conceivable order, or to no order, or he may favor any considerable offense against any person or thing, and yet the disputed proposition be wholly sound and true.

But however this may all be, to say such things of anyone, true or false, merely because he persists in discussing questions which one considers settled, or in arguing upon what one considers the wrong side of questions admitted to be still open (which is about the state of the present case), is so far, at least, to forsake those principles in virtue of which one is free to think and free to speak—those principles upon the strength of which all progress in human liberty has hitherto been made. It is to go over *pro hac vice* to the other side, and to turn upon your friends the well-worn weapons of the enemy. It is not, indeed, to call one a free thinker—that, some way, is become not so deeply condemnatory as it once was—but it may be regarded as the modern equivalent; for, like the older term, these newer phrases have a vaguely terrible sound, with a meaning which, to the vulgar (and possibly some others) is not very clear.

But you are concerned, you may say, in freedom for religious opinion alone, freedom and unity. You have no sympathy with liberty along lines which the minds of these writers and some others think they perceive; you hold yourself free to oppose them and, if possible, defeat them. This is, of course, conceivable. If this is your position it is for you to maintain it—if you can. But you are to maintain it, if to the satisfaction of all these far-away free-thinking readers, by fair and good reason, and not, as already made plain, by innuendo, or loose invective, or any of the roundabout methods by which, with ancient prepossession, an ever-present aider and abettor, the world is still held chained to ancient error.

And further, I may say, that to some readers (readers who go as far as you can go with the theory of the brotherhood of man and the equality of rights), it seems that the position is untenable,—not unlike that of a man who says to himself that he will leap half way over a ditch and pause there, on the "golden mean," which is certain to be on one bank or the other, or in the ditch. The truth is that liberty is ONE—an indivisible entity of which a man may accept or reject the whole, but cannot logically accept a part only; if he accepts liberty in religious worship, etc., because it is liberty, he must, if he would act rationally, accept liberty in any other manner, which equally comes within the line by which liberty is defined. Not, indeed, that he must accept all as to be presently pressed to general acceptance, as expediency, which any reasonable mind will consider, may require that one thing be left over for the present while permitting another to be urged forward, but there can rationally be no granting of the *right* to liberty to do one thing and a denial of the *right* to do another, where action in the one case, as in the other, lies virtually altogether within the personal jurisdiction. There can be no halting, no picking and choosing.

But this is not all; the position is not a happy one, not advantageous, if it is tenable. A person may take a deeper interest in one so-called reform than in another. He may regard one as vital and indispensable and another as altogether mischievous. He may thus, for example, think an extension of religious liberty right and wise, and an extension of liberty, or a denial of the right to abridge liberty, in the use of intoxicating drink inexpedient or wrong. But if both stand upon the principle of liberty, as they do, he cannot disapprove the one upon principle without at least weakening, and this very seriously, any possible argument upon principle which he may make in support of the other.

If you are liberal, then come over, come *all the way* over, and stand with the few, the increasing few, who believe altogether in liberty, and who believe in it because they think it makes, in whatever matter to which it is applied for knowledge, for virtue, for nobility of life.

Let me conclude by saying that I write this wholly of my own motion, and that on many points I disagree with the writers referred to, as I dare say they would disagree with me, if they knew my opinions as I know theirs. I write because I feel that in a real clash of opinions and reasons the truth of things is slowly evolved, and that it is thus, in the last degree, important that every mind be given, not merely a fair field, but every encouragement which a timid mind may require to reveal itself. Not every mind is wise, but in many minds, more, perhaps, than we are aware of, is some gleam of capacity for clear seeing as to something; and the wisdom of people, greater or smaller, is not always exactly proportioned to their determination to be heard. The persons referred to in what I have here written are probably beyond the need of any such friendly encouragement; they are strong enough to compel attention. But the principle is the same in all cases, and it ought not to be violated—least of all by those who know from experience what its violation means.

London, June 18, 1896.

EDNA BURLEIGH.

### The Building of a Nation.\*

Here is a book far more wholesome than Carnegie's Triumph of Democracy and all of that class. In fact, I do not recall any book covering this field with any such good sense and positive value. As I read it I said I wished particularly that it might be in every farmer's home, as a handbook. It is not exactly a school book, yet the young should study it. As an epitome of facts I cannot personally do without. On the one side it reminds us of that invaluable document annually issued as the World Almanac, but this is historical, that purely an affair of the current year.

Mr. Gannett has opinions of his own which run through all his statistics and tabulations, but I think never offensively. He clearly holds that protective tariffs have worked a subtle mischief. His last chapter ventures on foresight, which is dangerous. His estimate of coal supply is not warranted by known facts.

But after reading Schevler Rhodes and The Master I should feel at a loss without this book to supplement their works and that of writers covering shorter periods of our history. A few pages are too general in the information given, but as a whole, it is a book of historic data that is simply invaluable.

E. P. P.

*Proportional Representation.* (BY JOHN R. COMMONS, PUBLISHED BY T. Y. CROWELL OF NEW YORK.) *The Distribution of Wealth.* (BY JOHN R. COMMONS, PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK.)

It is a sterling quality of sociological teaching in our universities of late that it does not feel bound to move in old grooves. This terrifies many and has led to such spasms of conservatism as the discharge of Prof. Withrow in South Carolina, the prosecution of Prof. Ely in Wisconsin, and the discharge of Prof. Bemis in Chicago, although in the latter case other causes may have complicated matters. There is no hope at best that we can escape social evolution; it will lie with these professors of sociology whether we can escape revolution. It is encouraging that reform ideas are strongest in our larger universities and in our theological seminaries. The small colleges shiver at change, for fear it may cut off the patronage of some patron or sect. It is pitiful that our educational scheme should be so lacking in system as to continue to call a denominational school a college. The two books before us are of admirable quality. The basis of the first, "Proportional Representation," is found in the initial chapter: "The demoralization of legislative bodies must be viewed as a profoundly alarming feature of American politics. Just as the duties of legislation are increasing, as never before, in order to meet the vital wants of a complex civilization, the essential organs for performing those duties are felt to be in a state of collapse." Prof. Commons finds that while nominally representative our legislative bodies are best representative of all the departments of government. The President stands nearer the people to-day—that is the whole people of individuals—than the Congressman stands to his so-called constit-

\* The Building of a Nation, by Henry Gannett. Published by The Henry T. Thomas Co., New York.

July 16, 1896

uents. Proportional representation as a remedy, or partial remedy, is powerfully discussed; and I think each reader will lay down the book convinced that one reform to work for is certainly this one. "The Distribution of Wealth" is one of the most careful and discriminating discussions of the great problem of distribution ever laid before the public of America. For a salient point turn to page 79 and read what is said concerning the new doctrine of the "Right to Employment." "The right to liberty is now looked upon as belonging to man as a man. But the acquisition of liberty has been made at heavy expense in other directions. To what use is liberty if he be denied the right to produce for himself the food, clothing and shelter that preserve life, and that make liberty worth having? The right to work for every man who is willing is the next great human right to be defined and enforced by law." The best that can be said for this doctrine is that so far society has discovered no way to secure this right to all its members. Just how far we *can* at some future time get by the elbowing and struggle depends upon experiment, not on investigation. The past has little to tell us on this point.

E. P. P.

*The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* (Philadelphia), for July, has interest for the careful student of present problems, but is less entertaining to the general reader than its predecessor, which contained Prof. Hershey's article on the Recognition of Cuban Belligerency, and Prof. Edmund J. James' criticism of errors in Bryce's "American Commonwealth." The leading article in the present number is Mr. Lester F. Ward's review of Giddings's Principles of Sociology (already noticed in THE NEW UNITY); it also contains a timely paper on electoral reform by Mr. D. S. Remsen, entitled, Fusion of Political Parties, a study of Pennsylvania Paper Currency, by Dr. C. W. Macfarlane, and an article on Railroad Pooling, by Mr. M. A. Knapp of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The classified bibliography of important works on politics, law, economics and sociology is continued, as are the several other departments of this useful periodical.

Something is going on in the office of the *Atlantic Monthly*. This we are sure of; for the *Monthly* is distinctively more inclined to discuss sociological, educational and political questions. The July number is up to the level of the best numbers of the *Forum* in its distinctive line, besides having the old *Atlantic* literary flavor. Some of us have been working to clear the way for a new, broad, critical, national review. Perhaps the *Atlantic* can and will become just that. It led the way in one era,—why not in another? In the July number there are three notable articles to start with—really extraordinarily good. One by Prof. Fiske on "A Century's Progress in Science," another by our ex-Minister E. J. Phelps on "Arbitration and Our Relations to England." But the one which is most incisive is by Editor Godkin of the *Evening Post*. This is a discussion of Mr. Lecky's recent volume on "Democracy." I cannot review this strong article, but quote: "Another new phenomena which has greatly affected the development of democratic government and has received no attention is the growth of corporations. Corporations are as powerful as individual noblemen or aristocrats were in England in the last century, or in France before the Revolution; but are far harder to get at or to bring to justice, from their habit of making terms with their enemies instead of fighting them." He then refers as a second overlooked phenomena of democracy to "the decline of legislatures and the transfer of power from the rich to the poor." Congress and the state legislatures are not what they were forty years ago." This is certainly true, but does Mr. Godkin not allow that while there has been a marked leveling down of legislators, there has also been a marked level up—down from Webster, Clay, Hague, Davis, Chase, Sumner, but leveling up from the Morrisseys, Wigfalls, Quitmans, Floyds? And when he asserts that the boss is far more powerful than he was, has he forgotten the power of George Clinton, of Thurlow Weed, of Martin Van Buren in New York state politics? He concludes with two

points: (1) No democratic government should undertake to say what is or what is not legal tender. He forgets that our Supreme Court has decided that Congress can by "right of sovereignty" make anything legal tender—a fool's decision that is at the bottom of all our financial trouble. But Mr. Godkin is *right*, and the Supreme Court supremely wrong. The reviewer also notes that the tariff discussion has created a vastly increased tendency to purchase favors of Congress. "The influence of the scholarly, thinking, philosophical class is not felt in American progress nearly as much as it ought to be." True enough; and the reason is that the press is run "to pay" and not to advance the truth.

E. P. P.

### Notes and Comment.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, announce for immediate issue Shakespeare's "Henry V," in the Arden series.

After all, the charge of plagiary against Zola does not seem to have injured the sale of his book. A correspondent writes from Paris that "Rome" has been published a fortnight and 80,000 copies have been sold.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce a new edition, in paper covers, of John Jacob Astor's romance, "A Journey in Other Worlds." The same house will shortly issue a new edition of Mrs. E. M. Ripley's "From Flag to Flag," and an important and timely book, "The Monetary and Banking Problem," by Logan G. McPherson."

The National Municipal League will shortly publish in a single volume the proceedings of the Baltimore Conference for Good City Government. The volume will contain an interesting account of the municipal condition of southern cities, and orders may be sent to Clinton Rogers Woodruff, 514 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

The Open Court Publishing Company announces a notable series of articles for the current year by Count Leo Tolstoi, entitled "Christianity and Patriotism," which is said to be a searching and luminous sketch of the origin of patriotism in European countries, and of the methods by which it is fostered and perverted by governments for the attainment of their selfish ends. These articles were inspired by the recent demonstrations in favor of the Franco-Russian alliance, Count Tolstoi regards the sentiment of patriotism so-called as incompatible with Christian nations. The same journal promises a rare novelette by Richard Wagner.

A parographer who finds fault with the grammar of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne gives us the following illustration: "The vultures gnawing at my heart bring no such keen a pang."

Which induces Mr. Le Gallienne to remark:

"O cuckoo that from yonder hill  
Doth call—and call—and call,  
I pray you sing a little low  
If you must sing at all."

The parographer rejoins in the following lines:

"O Dicky, shall I call thee bard,  
Or but a 'wandering' voice?  
And shall I put thee in 'brevier,'  
Or dost deserve 'bourgeois'?"

A. E. Frye's "Home and School Atlas," published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., Boston, at \$1.15, is a most convenient reference book for the student and general reader who cannot afford a more comprehensive one. The maps contain the names of more than ten thousand towns, cities, states, countries, rivers, mountains, etc., not always in the spelling to which one is accustomed, but all of which can be quickly and easily located by means of the alphabetical list. Mr. Frye has been at much pains to supply the pronunciation of these geographical names, and has supplemented his work with tables of the products and industries, together with many small charts of the United States, which should prove useful not only to pupils in the schools, but to farmers, mechanics, tradesmen, statesmen, statisticians and everybody in general. We do not know of a better book on the subject for the money.

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**The Liberal Field.**

*"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."*

**ANAMOSA, IOWA.**—Rev. A. K. Beem, who has been recently called to the People's Church here, was installed Wednesday evening, June 23. The sermon was given by Rev. Leon A. Harvey, secretary of the Iowa Unitarian Association. Rev. Mrs. Curtiss of Manchester, Iowa, assisted in the services. A reception to the minister followed. Despite the heat the meeting was an enthusiastic one and everything augurs well for the future of the society.

**THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH AT ENGLEWOOD.**—A recent number of the *Universalist* gives extended account of the settlement work carried on under the auspices of Mr. White's church at Lend-a-Hand Cottage. There is a kindergarten, Mother's meeting, medical advice dispensed once a week, a "Laurel Wreath Club," composed of girls under fourteen, studying the "Story of Life," a junior Sorosis Club of girls from fourteen to eighteen, and a Saturday afternoon Club of still older women. In all this work Mrs. Van Der Vaart, the parish assistant under Mr. White, is the efficient executive.

**ETHICAL CULTURE.**—The Chicago Society for Ethical Culture has hopeful prospects for the coming year. Mr. Mangasarian has engaged to fill the platform until January, the beginning of the society year, at which time arrangements are always made for the ensuing year. A new plan for the Ethical Sunday school is to be tried; instead of one down-town school, which has been so difficult for the children to reach, there are to be three schools, one at some central point of each side of the city. The same general plan will be followed in each, varied slightly to suit differing local conditions. There is a strong hope that the school will be only one of the helpful elements in the centers; and efforts will be made during the summer to insure some of the activities that should belong to an ethical society. Probably the beginnings will be small; but if these can be made at all there will be an incentive to greater effort, and the utilizing of some of the "good material" among the society's members.

**ANN ARBOR, MICH.**—The end of June has brought to a close the engagement of Rev.

John C. Kimball with Rev. Mr. Sunderland's Society at Ann Arbor. Mr. Kimball has preached with great acceptance to the people, consisting not only of resident members, but students of the Michigan University. He has also delivered a series of lectures, evenings, during the winter and the attendance on these has shown that they were very highly appreciated. The Sunday school has been well sustained. The Young Men's Liberal Guild and King's Daughters, connected with the society, have kept up their interest, the former maintaining a lecture course through the winter and the latter uniting with other city branches in hospital beneficence. They have held regular Sunday noon discussions on the fundamental principles and practice of religion. Mrs. Kimball has conducted the united classes during the last months, and received a vote of thanks last Sunday for her leadership. The Ladies' Union has already arranged its literary program for the next year.

**THE INDEPENDENT CHURCH OF BATTLE CREEK, MICH.**—A local paper speaks of the vacation activities of this society. There is to be a Sunday school picnic at Gull Lake. \* \* \* "The Ladies' Aid Society" are planning for a "dollar social" in September, and every man, woman and child between the ages of twelve and one hundred in the town are urged to earn a dollar in the interim and bring it to the social, and there tell how it was earned. \* \* \* "The Reed Stewart Fraternity" is planning for a bicycle social and dance on the lawn of Mr. Merrill, dancing in bicycle costume. \* \* \* "The People's Lecture Committee" have already secured "some of the best talent in America for the next winter's course. \* \* \* Mr. Horner, in his last sermon before vacation, used this happy simile, which is doubtless applicable to many other societies:

Speaking of the church work during the past year, Mr. Horner said, "all has not been accomplished that some of us hoped for at the beginning of the year, but there is no reason for discouragement in that fact. Perhaps we have been clubbing green apples without seeing that there are berries ripe for the picking under your feet. We now propose to pick the berries, and bye and bye, when the ground is all ready, the apples may be found ripe over our heads ready to fall into our open hands."

**PIONEERING.**—The following extract from a private letter from Rev. A. A. Roberts shows what "missionary work" means in its grim realities. The true missionary is never the welcome guest of the affluent.

When his path is strewn with roses some other fellow has been called to the picket line, or one of the outposts has been neglected. Our correspondent writes from Parker, S. D.

"Sunday evening, the 21st., I preached at Lennox, in the school house, the best place to be had, but so located that it was said the people would not attend, yet the audience numbered about thirty, comparing well with the usual attendance at liberal meetings. A feeling of a lack of sympathy possessed me, but it was imaginary and unjust, as shown by good attention and \$2.50 in the hat, an unusually large amount for the audience. On the 28th I spoke at 3 p. m. at a private house, some five miles distant from Parker. In the evening, at a school house three miles from town, on account of the cost of a place in town, but my audiences were nearly as large as usual and much appreciation was expressed. The more practical difficulty is the financial one. Few people can afford even to drop a nickel in the hat. We need the **NEW UNITY**, but I fear we shall never be able to pay for it, I know I could make a good use of it."

Perhaps some subscriber will lend a hand to **THE NEW UNITY** and to the missionary by sending us the price of the subscription, or by forwarding their copy. Any such good intentions will be aided by addressing the editor.

**A FAITHFUL MINISTRY.**—Many of our readers know that George W. Buckley is one of the most faithful workers in the field of liberal religion. Trained to the ministry by long service as a layman under the inspiring leadership of Reed Stewart, then pastor of the Battle Creek church, Mr. Buckley has made for himself an enviable record as pastor of the liberal society at Monroe, Wis., and latterly at Sturgis, Mich., where four years ago he organized the Unitarian Society at that place. The following resolutions recently passed by the society, continues the story. Wherever Mr. Bulkley goes there will go a ministry of the liberal faith, and we trust he will not be kept long out of the service:

WHEREAS, The Rev. G. W. Bulkley has zealously labored in this community for the past four years for the upbuilding of a liberal society, and being compelled by force of circumstances to take up his residence in Battle Creek, Mich., and recognizing his inability to successfully carry forward the work of the society while living abroad, has tendered his resignation to take effect to-day. Therefore,

Resolved, That we greatly deplore the severing of the ties that have for so long and pleasantly existed between Rev. Bulkley and this society, yet we readily recognize the fact that it is the only proper

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course to pursue, as the further continuance of his labors as heretofore would be at too great a sacrifice to him.

Resolved, That we gladly bear witness to his ability as an earnest and able exponent of genuine religion, a true Christian gentleman, one who at all times has endeavored to instill into the minds and hearts of his followers the lessons of truth, love, righteousness and self-sacrifice, as exemplified in his own daily life.

Resolved, That we commend him to liberals everywhere as an honest and fearless defender and aggressive worker for the liberal faith.

ON THE WESTERN CIRCUIT.—May 17 it was my privilege to twice address the People's Church of Anamosa, Ia. This society is strong in faith if not in finances, and have just made an engagement with Rev. Mr. Beem, an enthusiastic young man, but recently working with our near relations, the Universalists. This society is notable as an outgrowth and upgrowth from the Congregationalists, about four years old. This day was also made memorable by a meeting in the chapel of the well-ordered penitentiary, where I looked into the faces—and not a bad lot to look at either—of about 400 of the state's charges, and improved the privilege of presenting some fundamental principles of character and conduct. There were present also over 90 other visitors. The choir and organist were men in stripes, and their comrades joined heartily and harmoniously in the singing. \* \* \* ROCK RAPIDS was found waiting for the passing of a dark cloud, but not inactive, the Ladies' Society at work and saving money to build a chapel, as they modestly call it, on a lot already in possession. \* \* \* SIOUX FALLS was next visited and three meetings held on the 24th and 31st ult. This society has been reduced more than one-half by removals and other causes, and those who are left, with few exceptions, are determined to defer resumption till better times. Then there was a confident expression, notwithstanding present discouragement, that they will be strong enough and do something worthy their opportunity and their beautiful city. \* \* \* WORTHING, S. D., is a small but thrifty village on the C. M. & St. P., in the center of a very rich farming country. It has a union church in which our people have vested rights. During Mr. Andrew's ministry at Sioux Falls they had fortnightly services, since which they have had only occasional meetings. Good and very attentive audiences met me on the 7th and 14th, so attentive, in fact, that the boys on the back seat who often amuse themselves so much as to be reproved by the speaker, were as quiet as their elders. It is hoped that in the good time coming these people may have gained strength enough for regular effective work.

R.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—Sunday, June 28, brought to a close the most successful church year since the organization of the Unitarian Society in this place. Prior to the year 1894-95 services were held in the Salt Lake Theater, with good attendance, but with little opportunity for thorough organization. Business depression, and consequent loss of members and revenue compelled the society to change its place of meeting to a small and inconvenient hall on the second floor of a business block on Main Street, where services were held during 1894-95, but with diminishing numbers, so that it became impossible to provide for current expenses. With the aid of the A. U. A., however, and the counsel and encouragement of its Western Superintendent, Mr. Forbush, it was decided to continue the society another year. Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson, of Harvard Divinity School, was called to the pastorate, and services were begun last September in the little second-story hall, with unpaid bills left over from the preceding year amounting to \$257.00, and with some feeling of discouragement among the few faithful members, and doubt as to the outcome. The congregations, however, increased rapidly

in numbers so that by December they had quite outgrown the capacity of the old hall. A lease was secured of the first floor and basement of a centrally located building, 40 by 114, and on the first Sunday in January services were held in the new hall. Financial prosperity came more slowly, but confidence in our ultimate success had been restored, and the trustees, aided by timely gifts, were able to expend \$765 in furnishing and fitting the new hall. This expenditure, together with the unpaid bills left over from 1894-95 and all current expenses of the present year, have now been paid in full, excepting a small balance of borrowed money which is provided for by sums due the society from reliable sources. The gain in numbers, enthusiasm and organization has been even more marked than the financial prosperity of the year. Since January 1 the congregations have averaged three hundred, and frequently exceeded four hundred. Our Sunday school numbers over one hundred, and has a well conducted library, which has grown during the year from eighty-four volumes to nearly five hundred. It has met all of its expenses and has bought and paid for one hundred copies of Mr. Horton's New Song and Service book. Unity Circle has done much to organize the social forces of the church, bringing over two hundred members of the congregation together, socially, each month and thus cultivating more general acquaintance and closer church relations. The Men's Unitarian Club has developed interest in the plans of the society among business men, and furnishes a practical and virile element too often lacking in church work. Along with this there has been matured a well considered financial system whereby all regular members of the congregation have been distributed into revenue committees, which contribute monthly sums through their chairman to the general revenues of the church. This tends to develop a sense of personal interest and responsibility in each member of the congregation, while at the same time materially aiding the finances of the church. Much gratitude is felt among our people for the wise and timely aid of the A. U. A., which has made this progress possible. Without it there would be no liberal religious society in Utah to-day. As it is the permanent success of our society is assured, and there is every reason to believe that after another year it will become entirely self-sustaining and a center for Unitarian influence and growth in this region. Thanks are also due for contributions to our improvement fund from the Arlington Street Church, the First Parish in Cambridge, the Alliance branch of the Jamaica Plain Society, and Professor Peabody of Harvard, and for contributions to our Sunday school library from Unitarian societies in Dorchester, Waltham and Springfield, Mass.; and Flushing, N. Y., from the Arlington Street Church, the First Church in Boston, the Second Church in Boston, the North Society in Salem, Miss M. E. Hawley of Albany, N. Y., and unknown friends who have sent books by mail without giving name or address. Especial thanks are due Mr. Horton for his active and efficient efforts in this behalf.

Mr. Hudson has gone to Northern Wisconsin for his summer vacation and will return to resume work the first week in September.

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